TIME LIFE
ROOMS
a rock romance
BLEECKER ST
ONE
ORIGINAL
OFF-BROADWAY
CAST RECORDING

ROOMS

a rock romance

music and lyrics by
Paul Scott Goodman

book by
Paul Scott Goodman
and
Miriam Gordon

produced for records by
Robert Sher

1. Rooms
2. Steps 1
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4. Bring The Future Faster
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6. Friday Night Dress
7. Pacing In A Room
8. Scottish Jewish Princess
9. I Love You For All Time
10. Let's Go To London
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Parental Advisory, contains explicit content.

www.roomsmusical.com

Van Hill Entertainment & Red Griffin Media

in association with

Fern R Lopez & Rai Reyes

present

ROOMS

a rock romance

music and lyrics by **Paul Scott Goodman**

book by **Paul Scott Goodman & Miriam Gordon**

starring

Leslie Kritzer **Doug Kreeger**

scenic design
Adam Koch

costume design
Alejo Vietti

lighting design
Herrick Goldman

sound design
Jon Weston

general management
Martian Entertainment LLC

general press representatives
David Gersten & Associates

production stage manager
Sara Jaramillo

casting
Cindi Rush Casting

marketing
HHC Marketing

associate producers

MetroStage Small Pond Enterprises HOP Theatricals, LLC

Mass Street Productions Wild Bird Productions Jeffrey M. Raff

music supervision, music arrangements & orchestrations

Jesse Vargas

choreography by

Matt Williams

directed by

Scott Schwartz

produced for records by

Robert Sher

Opened at New World Stages, New York City on March 16, 2009

World Premiere produced by MetroStage, Alexandria, VA (Carolyn Griffin, Producing Artistic Director) and Geva Theatre Center, Rochester, NY (Mark Cuddy, Artistic Director). Originally presented in the 2005 New York Musical Theatre Festival.

Nearly 12 years ago I sat down with Paul to learn the score of *Bright Lights Big City*. He had a twelve-string guitar and a mess of paper with handwritten lyrics written horizontally, vertically, and in margins as well. I asked if there was sheet music. I think he laughed and started playing his guitar... "No... This is it." I knew this guy was writing and playing from the heart, and working with him would be a very different "musical theater" experience. When you are forced to listen to the song, not read it, you find yourself singing from your soul, and only later, when I would go to the piano to see which notes I had been singing, did I realize Paul had completely taken me out of my comfort zone and had me singing notes I wouldn't have dared to try, if handed sheet music. His music makes you want to sing. His score will bring out the guts of your performance as well, if you are willing to go on the ride. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in *ROOMS*. This score, and this recording, capture the soul of a Scottish singer-songwriter, his muse, and their journey. Part Sex Pistols, part early U2, part Frank Loesser, the music is melodic, guitar-driven rock 'n' roll, with a true punk edge and heartfelt, witty lyrics that not only reveal Paul's soul but capture his gift for musical theater song-writing. Both Doug and Leslie echo Paul's heartfelt cries by singing with such a mixture of gifted professionalism and reckless abandon that I wonder if they, too, just sat around with Paul and his twelve-string, reading lyrics and matching melodies in order to learn the show. There is a method to his madness. The end results are two beautifully captured performances, not only telling a story, but revealing their own as well. When you listen to this score, you know that *ROOMS* has had a profound impact on all the players involved. A true rock score is hard to come by, and this is a prime example of a great one. I mean, how often do punk and showtunes mix... and well? Congratulations to Paul and Miriam on a wonderfully heartfelt, raw musical with a seamless book and an eclectic, enjoyable score.

Patrick Wilson
Broadway & film actor
NYC, October 2009

The Story

NYC: Late night, September 1980. As Monica struggles to write lyrics to a new song, she is interrupted by a knock at the door. Her unexpected guest is Ian, who she hasn't seen in almost 3 years (ROOMS). NYC melts into Glasgow 1977 as Monica recalls their first encounter (STEPS 1). After Ian is hired by Monica to write music to her lyrics for a song commissioned for Hazel Katz's Bat Mitzvah, he gives her a glimpse into both his talent and his unusual view of life (THE MUSIC). Monica leaves their meeting impressed and energized by their creative partnership and where it might lead (BRING THE FUTURE FASTER). Ian journeys to Monica's upper-middle-class home (STEPS 2) to deliver the music for the Bat Mitzvah song. Thrilled with the results, Monica invites Ian to stay for Sabbath dinner (FRIDAY NIGHT DRESS). At the temple, Monica anxiously waits for Ian, who arrives late and inebriated (PACING IN A ROOM) for their Bat Mitzvah gig (SCOTTISH JEWISH PRINCESS). Their creative partnership is solidified when they write a new song together (I LOVE YOU FOR ALL TIME) which they perform at the Rum Room Talent Night, winning them a trip to London (LET'S GO TO LONDON). Immersed in the burgeoning punk scene of London, Monica lands a record contract and names their punk duo The Diabolicals. They record a single which climbs to Number One on the charts (ALL I WANT IS EVERYTHING) and are then invited by their record company to perform at CBGB's in New York. Their relationship intensifies as they prepare to conquer the city (LET'S LEAVE LONDON) and they are enthralled by the excitement of New York and their new relationship (NYC FOREVER!). In New York, Ian's drinking starts to take its toll, culminating in his missing their all-important gig at CBGB. Monica is forced to perform on her own at the club (THE DIABOLICAL) where she is booed off the stage. Later that night, Monica informs Ian that she has decided to part ways with the LITTLE BIT OF LOVE that remains. When Ian protests and tries to persuade Monica to reconsider, she reveals to him that she's pregnant and has decided not to keep the baby. Ian decides to leave NYC and faces his FEAR OF FLYING as he makes his way back home to Glasgow. Monica has a shaky start to her solo career with a cabaret gig (HAPPINESS) as Ian struggles with his mother's death. Monica writes to Ian, but he doesn't respond. After hitting rock bottom, Ian builds up the courage to get CLEAN over the ensuing years and Glasgow melts back into NYC 1980. Monica wonders why Ian never responded to her attempts to communicate with him (ROOMS 2) and then reveals that there is someone else in her life (STEPS 3), Monica and Ian's 2-year-old son (MY CHOICE). After the initial shock of this news, Ian comes to terms with his feelings for Monica and being a father in their renewed relationship. He picks up his guitar and helps Monica complete the song that she was writing when he first knocked on the door (NEW SONG FOR SCOTLAND) as they pick up the pieces of their past and step into the future (FINALE).

Rooms

IAN
Sitting in a room
Waiting here for you
Nothing ever changes

MONICA
Sitting in a room
Feeling all askew
I've been all askew ages

MONICA & IAN
Suddenly you're here beside me

MONICA
Haven't seen you in 3 years

IAN
2 and 3 quarters
But who the hell is counting?

MONICA
Feel the tension mounting

IAN
You're not throwing up in there?

MONICA
No, I don't do that anymore

IAN
So glad to hear if true
It's mad to see you

MONICA & IAN
Suddenly you're here beside me
Sitting in a room

MONICA
I have this dream
I'm locked in a room
And I can't get out
I can't get out

IAN
I have this dream
I'm locked out a room
And I can't get in

MONICA
And I can't get out

IAN
And I can't get in

MONICA
And I can't get out

IAN
Sitting in a room
Waiting here for you
Nothing ever changes

MONICA
Images of you
Images of us
Rooms to grow
Rooms to breathe in

MONICA & IAN
Suddenly you're here beside me
Same old to-and-fro
Like our first hello
All those rooms ago....

Steps 1

MONICA
I took a ride to the
Working-class side of the city
Way down Sauchiehall Street I drove
In my little blue car
I found the address of the tenement
Paid a wee boy a pound
To hang around watching
My little blue car
I took tentative steps
I'd never taken such tentative steps before
I remember your mother
Answering the door....

And she said, "Och, you must be Monica. You're a lovely wee lassie. Ally said you were coming over. Come on in, hen, have a wee cup of tea. I'm just watching the golf on my colour TV. That Jack Nicklaus is so cute so he is. If I had some clubs I'd go down to the local course right now and play a wee 18 holes. Och, I can dream, can't I darling? Right, Ian's in there. I can't believe Misery Guts is letting you into his room. Nobody gets in there, not even his brother, Ally, and it's his room too.

All he does is
Sit in his room
Day after day
Playing his axe
He never goes out anymore
In you go then, hen."

I took tentative steps
I'd never taken such tentative steps before...
As I knocked on your black-painted door

The Music

IAN
I got everything I need right here. My records, my amp, my lava lamp... and my guitar, it's my best friend in the world. She never lets me down.

MONICA
A bit anti-social, aren't you?

IAN
Hey, well can you blame me?
Have you seen the public lately?
What a total shambles
Blindly ambling into oblivion
Grasping at straws
With their muddy little paws

I prefer it inside my room
There's a safety level to this womb
Where the melodies serenade me
With their harmony parade
And the music gets made

Mummy, can you lend me 15 quid
To buy that guitar in Woolworth's window?
Mummy, can you lend me... and she did
15 quid for this guitar in Woolworth's window

The casual cruelties of man are many
I look for good but I can't find any

I turn to the rhythm
I bow down to the beat
It helps me keep the outside world
Outside on the street
It's psychological

MONICA
It's pathological

MONICA & IAN
But singalongable

IAN
Like my music

MONICA & IAN
Mummy, can you lend me 15 quid
To buy this guitar in Woolworth's window?
Mummy, can you lend me... and she did
15 quid for that guitar
In Woolworth's window

IAN
Live it
Give it
Build it
My music

Bring The Future Faster

MONICA
It was hard to stay collected
He was so much better than expected
And it might just be a whim
But I think I could go faster with him

Every night I'm pacing in
My moon strewn room
And I think we can all presume
I'm pacing to the pulsing
Of my heart convulsing
Buzz! Bang! Crash!

Whizzle! Sizzle!
Onomatopoeias
All around me
Slam! Pop!
Can't stop my head exploding!
I am seriously overloading!
Bring the future faster!
Bring the future faster!

Deep in the dark of the heart of the night
My head is racing, pacing
Nerve ends peaking
Relatively speaking
Don't know what I feel
But I know it's real

I'm wearing a hole in the floor
So open up the door
And let me out this room!
And soon! And soon!

Bring the future faster!
Bring the future faster!

Gimme the new thing
The next thing
That's always
The best thing
A new view
I have to
Break through

To something new
To something new

The universe is spinning
With another new beginning
Bring the future faster!
Would you bring the future faster?

All I want is everything
All I want is more!

Steps 2

IAN
I took a ride
To the upper-middle-class side of the city
A double-deck bus to suburbia street
Leaves blew through the trees
A money breeze blowing down
Suburbia street
I walked cobblestone steps
I'd never walked cobblestone steps before
I remember your father
Answering the door. . .

And he said, "Hello, how are you? Monica said you'd be coming over. You look like a nice Jewish boy. Och, my Monica, she's Glasgow's answer to Barbra Streisand. That's right, she's headed straight for the top. Definitely. You know why? She gets all her talent from her daddy. Och yes, I was in show biz once. I was the funniest man in the west of western Scotland. Did you ever hear my act about the Jewish-Irish law firm: Schmendrick, Schlimiel, Schmegeggee, and Schmo'reilly?" And he laughed and I laughed even though I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. And there was a wee pause as he looked me up and down, obviously detecting my massive sexual charisma and charm, before he said "Don't stand there like a lokshen kugel. Come in, boychick. My wee superstar's upstairs, first door on the left."

I walk up the stairs
I'd never walked up such elegant stairs before
As I knocked on your pink-painted door....

MONICA
So, do you have the song?

IAN
No

MONICA
What?!

IAN
Yes... just kidding

MONICA
Wanker

IAN
Listen from the beginning

MONICA
It's good!
It's a winner
Do you want to stay for dinner?

IAN
What you having?

MONICA
Friday night feast
446 courses at least

IAN
That's good
I'm starving

MONICA
Now could you turn around please
While I put on my Friday night dress?

Friday Night Dress

IAN
Don't you look so pretty
In your Friday night dress?
Your fingernails all bitten
And your hair a perfect mess

Mummy lights the candles
Daddy says prayers over wine
Bread upon the table
Salt the bread
Drink the wine
House full of laughter
So very different than mine
Daddy on the unemployment line
The late drunken mess

Don't you look so pretty
In your Friday night dress?
The whole of you
The soul of you

The sparkle of success

People are lucky
People are blind
People can't see
What's in front of their eyes

MONICA
Like my house?

IAN
Can I move in here?

MONICA
Sure but I won't be here long

IAN
Where you going?

MONICA
Anywhere but here

IAN
Here's as good as anywhere

MONICA
See you on Sunday
Temple Emanuel at 3
Come a little early

IAN
I'm never early for anything
Thanks for dinner
I liked the chopped liver
And the kosher wine was surprisingly fine

MONICA
Right.

IAN
Night.
Didn't you look so pretty
In your Friday night dress?
The dream of you
Will send me off to sleep tonight
A perfect mess

Didn't you look so pretty?
Didn't you look so pretty
In your Friday night dress?

Pacing In A Room

MONICA
Pacing in a room
Can't believe he's late
Look at me already
I'm in a terrible state

IAN
Is this the place?

MONICA
Oh G-d! You're pissed!

IAN
All I had was
A vodka wizz
A whisky sour
And a sloe gin fizz

MONICA
Jesus Christ, you're mental!

IAN
You can't say Jesus Christ in a temple

Scottish Jewish Princess

MONICA
This one's for you, Hazel! You woman you! Hit it, Wallace!

I got 17 boyfriends
300 dresses
Millions of reasons to rise
Every morning and sing
Tra la la la la
I'm the girl with everything
Oooh, it's true
What's a Scottish Jewish Princess to do?

But lately I'm feeling this funny sensation
Ever since Saturday night
Ever since Suzy Goldberg kissed me
I haven't been feeling quite right
It's true
What's a Scottish Jewish Princess to do?

Confusion
Emotional estrogen
I like all of my boyfriends
But I like Suzy, too
Suzy, Suzy, I love you!
Suzy! Hey Suzy!!

Look at the world
Look at it shine
Yes!
I want to experience everything now
Mazel tov!
Anything's possible
Take it from me
There's a lot more gefilte fish left in the sea
Oh, what's a Scottish Jewish Princess...

Should I go with Morris or Amanda?
I like Daniel and Diana

Mummy's gonna cry
When she finds out I am bi
So will Granpa Lou
'Cause Auntie Ruth is too

IAN
And Uncle Georgie loves an orgy

MONICA & IAN
Oy vey!
What's a Scottish Jewish Princess
What's a Scottish Jewish Princess
To do?
Mazel tov!

I Love You For All Time

IAN
Suppose you don't like football either?

MONICA
Cricket.

IAN
Celtic.

MONICA
Rangers.

IAN
Darkness.

MONICA
Light.

IAN
Led Zeppelin.

MONICA
Carly Simon.

IAN
Sex and drugs!

MONICA
Bagel and lox!

IAN
We got so much in common!

MONICA
Opposites attracting!

IAN
What?

MONICA
Play!

Opposites attracting
People interacting
Away we go

Somehow a connection
A jagged kind of perfection
Like April snow

IAN
Say hello

MONICA
Say goodbye

IAN
Call me up and tell me you love me
From time to time

MONICA
And when worlds disappear...

IAN
I'll be waiting...

MONICA & IAN
Right here

IAN
I love you...

MONICA
For all time

MONICA & IAN
That's good!

V/O
And the next act up in the Rum Room Talent Night is Ian and Maria!

MONICA
Monica! Monica P. Miller!

Way off into the future
Will we still remember
This long ago?
Simple moments of pleasure
Like loving you forever

IAN
So long ago

MONICA
Take me in your arms
Hold me now

IAN
Say hello

MONICA & IAN
Say goodbye
Call me up and tell me you love me
From time to time
And when worlds disappear
Na na na na na na na na na
I'll be waiting

Right here
I love you for all time
Na na na na na na na na na
I'll be waiting
Na na na na na na na na na
I love you for all time

V/O
And the winner of tonight's grand prize, 2 round-trip bus tickets to the big London town... drumroll, please... Ian and Veronica!

MONICA
Monica! Monica P. Miller! Did he say London?

IAN
Afraid so.

Let's Go To London

MONICA
Let's go to London

IAN
I knew you were going to say that.

MONICA
Let's go right now

IAN
I've only known you a week.

MONICA
Let's pack a bag
Grab a bus
Without fuss
And get out of this town
Just the 2 of us

IAN
Monica, please.

MONICA
Let's go to London
London is drunk on punk
It's the Queen's Jubilee
And as far as the eye can see
The whole world is watching

Something's going on there
Something no one's ever seen before
London London
Let's get there now!

IAN
We got nowhere to stay.

MONICA
I got this cousin
He manages bands
He knows the scene
We could stay at his place
In Golders Green
Know what I mean?

IAN
What about your daddy?
What about the university?

MONICA
London, London
Let's get there now

Luverly London
Let's take a hike
Let's go spare
In Leicester Square
See what it's like

IAN
On your bike.

MONICA
Are you in or are you not?
I hear that Piccadilly's got
A new wave crashing
Everyone's forming bands

IAN
Can't.

MONICA
Won't.

IAN
Mustn't.

MONICA
Must.

IAN
No.

MONICA
No?

IAN
Yeah.

MONICA
Yes!

IAN
No!

MONICA
I love London
London's a smash!
Guess where I was?
I was just at the Roxy
Seeing the Clash

IAN
You saw the Clash?

MONICA
I met Joe Strummer

IAN
You met Joe Strummer?

MONICA
Joe said "Mon"

IAN
He called you "Mon"?

MONICA
Get out of your head
Write a New Wave song
Before the money is gone

Everywhere you look
There's record companies
With big fat cheques
Sign here, punk boy
Next to the "x"

IAN
What's this?

MONICA
It's a contract from Percy Parker at Rip Off Records.

IAN
For you and me?

MONICA
Yeah, only we're not you and me anymore. I'm Lillian Filth and you're...

IAN
Perry Comatose? That's diabolical.

MONICA
Exactly!

MONICA & IAN
I love London's rant and rave
Let's ride the crest
With the best of them, baby
God save the New Wave!

V/O
Take 1. The Diabolicals. All I Want Is Everything. Don't we all? Let's go, my stinking lovelies.

All I Want Is Everything

MONICA
1-2-3-4!

MONICA & IAN
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
I'm a menace to society
I'm a stranger to sobriety
But to the left and to the right of me
I am gaining notoriety
TV
Radio
Everybody loves an anti-hero

IAN
I am horrible

MONICA
Absolutely diabolical!

IAN
But eccentricity...

MONICA
Is great publicity
You put me in the papers

IAN
You spin me on your stereo

MONICA & IAN
Round and round and away we go

All I want is everything
All I want is more
I was born for everything
That's what I'm here for

V/O
This is Roger Hargreaves, Radio 1, with The Diabolicals.

MONICA
You're ugly!

V/O
Lillian Filth, how does it feel to be number 29 on the charts?

MONICA
Bollocks! It's great!

IAN
We're number 28

MONICA
With a bullet.

IAN
We're number 17

MONICA
We're looking good.

MONICA & IAN
We're 10
Wait, 7
No, 6-5-4

MONICA
Well lick my bum!

IAN
We're number 1!

BOTH
Maintain velocity
That's our philosophy

IAN
I'm a genuine atrocity

MONICA
And that's a modern curiosity
It's a ticket to the stars
A trip to Hollywood

IAN
You might not like us

MONICA
But you should

IAN
'Cause we're good

MONICA & IAN
We're really bloody good
Oi!

All I want is everything
All I want is more
I was born for everything
That's what I'm here for!
Everything, everything
Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh
All I want is everything
Everything, everything
Fuck you!

Let's Leave London

MONICA
That was Percy Parker
Rip Off Records
Just got bought
By EMI America
I'm weak at the knees
We're getting a gig
At CBGB's!

We're leaving London
We're going to New York
The record company's
Paying for the bubbly
So let's pop that cork

Everything we ever wanted
On a silver platter

IAN
Everything *you* wanted

MONICA
Everything *we* wanted
Let's get there now!

IAN
I've been asking myself, why am I here? I don't care about celebrity and world tours.

MONICA
What do you care about then?

IAN
Jesus, Monica.

MONICA
Shivers down my spine

IAN
Time to cross a line

MONICA
Goosebumps on my skin

IAN
Something's beginning

MONICA
I'm scared.

IAN
I'm scared too.

MONICA
You are?

IAN
Of flying.

MONICA
Metaphorically?

IAN
Literally. I'm scared of flying.

MONICA
Hold my hand.

MONICA & IAN
Just 2 punks in love

IAN
Bound for New York City

MONICA
Yes!

MONICA & IAN
2 young punks
In love
In love

MONICA
You go like this

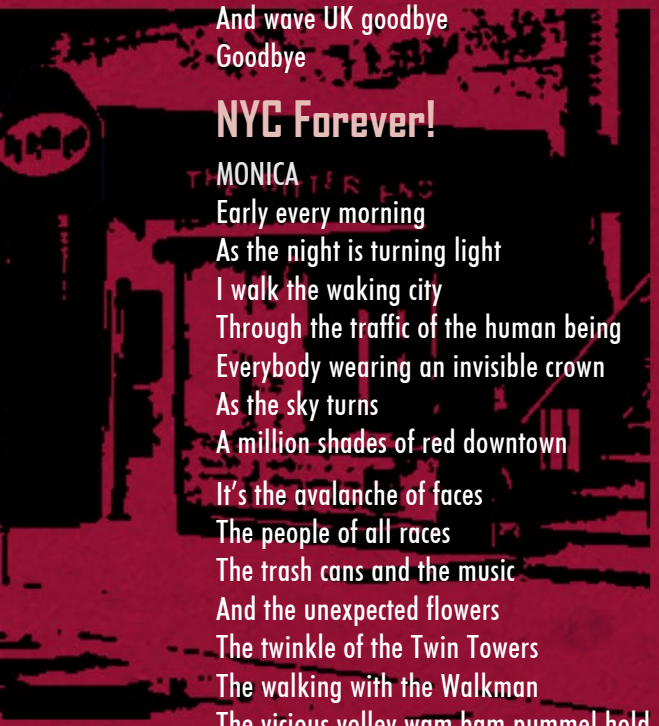
IAN
You go like that

MONICA
You blow a kiss

IAN
You tip your hat

MONICA
You rip your shirt

IAN
Unzip your fly



MONICA
You grab a plane

MONICA & IAN
And wave UK goodbye
Goodbye

NYC Forever!

MONICA
Early every morning
As the night is turning light
I walk the waking city
Through the traffic of the human being
Everybody wearing an invisible crown
As the sky turns
A million shades of red downtown

It's the avalanche of faces
The people of all races
The trash cans and the music
And the unexpected flowers
The twinkle of the Twin Towers
The walking with the Walkman
The vicious volley wam bam pummel hold
Yeah yeah yeah yeah!

Everybody's telling me lately
Everything is going to be fine
NYC forever
This September '77

IAN
Underneath the covers
In the mornings we are lovers
In the afternoons and evenings too
And all the hours in between
I'm visiting vistas I have never seen
All the colours of love
Seep low through our window

MONICA & IAN
Walking through Times Square
Hand in hand we stop

MONICA
Isn't that where
Kojak sucked his lollipop?

IAN
New Wave blares on every stereo speaker

MONICA & IAN
How we love our room
Above the Bitter End on Bleecker!

Everybody better remember
Everything is going to be fine
NYC forever
This September '77

MONICA
Everywhere you turn, opportunities

IAN
Deliveries

MONICA
Incredible

IAN
A miracle

MONICA
For a girl like me

IAN
For a guy like me

MONICA
It's the rush of the race

IAN
Wish it was simpler

MONICA
The adrenaline bang

IAN
Just me and her

MONICA
The dog-eats-dog dogma
I hit the ground running
'Cause here you get nothing for nothing

IAN
Pour more booze

MONICA
Nothing for nothing

IAN
Pour more booze

MONICA
Come out with me tonight. The Filthy Rat Bastards are hosting a party later at Skank.

IAN
That's their third party in a row.

MONICA
No, it's the same party, just hasn't finished yet.

IAN
Lie down with me.

MONICA
Sounds fantastic, but this is business, darling. Show business is not all show. Get some rest. Big night tomorrow. CBGB's - we gotta be great!

IAN
Yeah, cheers.
The clock's tick-tocking
And my mind's sleepwalking
She's always running
There's always something
I'm all alone
So far from home
Oh brother

Am I her lover or her mother?

Good morning.
Hello, is this the liquor store?
I'm running out of whiskey
Would you bring me more
Pretty please?
I got a gig tonight at CBGB's

MONICA
Ian, no
Tonight's gotta be great
After the show
Promise me you'll wait

IAN
I'm thirsty as a haddock
I'm full of fear and loathing
I'm sweating in the safety pins
Holding up my clothing

Everything is coming together

MONICA
Everything is going to be fine

MONICA & IAN
NYC forever
This September '77

The Diabolical

MONICA
10 past 10
Bloody late again
What am I meant to do
With all this déjà vu?

IAN
Sorry I lost track of time
Downtown bars and happy hours
I caught a cab to be with you
I'd never leave you lonely, superstar

MONICA
Ian...
Where is your guitar?

IAN
Oh Jesus! Mother of Mary!
Holy Virgin Christ!
It's in the taxi!

MONICA
Schmuck!

IAN
Fuck!
I gotta find it
Wait for me

MONICA
We're on in 3

IAN
I'll be right back
Trust me, do

MONICA
Me, trust you?!

What an epic farce
I'll be falling on my arse
How allegorical
A solo Diabolical

I've never been booed off before
I never have been spat upon
Onstage I've never failed
But tonight I might be nailed

V/O
CBGB's welcomes, all the way from the UK, The Diabolicals!

MONICA
All I want is everything
All I want is me

All I want is whatever it takes
Here I go!
Oi, you scumbags! I am The Diabolical! So up yours!

Little Bit Of Love

MONICA
Percy says if I don't drop you, he'll drop me. He wants to book me some shows with musicians who'll actually show up.

IAN
How deliciously delightful for you. And what did you say?

MONICA
I said I couldn't make it with someone I can't count on.

IAN
What about us?

MONICA
The point is you're getting in my way
You're holding me back
And there's just no way
I'm going to have that

Look at yourself
You're drunk out of your skull
Most of the time
Well that's a bad mishap
But I will not bow down to your crap
Let's leave with a little bit of love

IAN
I don't appreciate the fact that you can't
Just sit still in a room
It's pathetic!

You got too many
Ants in your pants
All caught up in the romance
Of the big break
Chrissake!
Settle down
Desperation, Monica
Every day a little death
Take yourself a little breath
Breathe yourself a little bit of love

MONICA
Let's leave with a little bit of love

IAN
Can't we just sit and relax for a minute?
Just talk things through

MONICA
I appreciate the fact
You want to talk this out
Like mature grown-up people

IAN
I appreciate the fact
We like and prize each other

MONICA
But soon we might despise each other
Let's leave with a little bit...

IAN
Of anger, though I must admit
You drag me round the world
To say
That's it
I quit
Wrong fit
Well shit!
I'm so naive
That'll teach me not to wear
My poor heart on my sleeve

MONICA
Let's leave with a little bit of…

IAN
Look on your table, Monica
Half-finished lyrics
Incomplete rhymes
Daddy's girl Monica
Unable in life
Unable in art
To finish what you start

MONICA
I'm late.

IAN
For what this time?

MONICA
Late.
Pregnant
I think I might be...

Eating for 2
Bun in the oven
Pregnant

IAN
Pregnant?

MONICA
I went to the chemist
And bought a little test
Now I'm going to pee
And then let science do the rest
To see if I'm...

IAN
Pregnant

Reeling room
Feeling numb
Helpless, hopeless
To the outcome

MONICA
There's no way I'm going to have this baby
There is not an even maybe
Not as long as I want to be a star
I'm not ready now nor ever to be
Pregnant!
For a musician, your rhythm method is rubbish!

IAN
Maybe we should have it or something.

MONICA
Are you out your mind
Or something?
Look on your table
Acres of bottles
A slave to the alcohol
You'll always be
A might-have-been
Unless you go get clean

IAN
It's my baby too.

MONICA
I made my decision.

IAN
Then I've made mine.
I'm going back to Glasgow

MONICA
And I'll keep Manhattan

IAN
I miss the grey days

MONICA
My ballroom gown

IAN
George Square at dark
The Celtic Park

MONICA
The perfect town
If you are up
For getting down

IAN
I'll build my studio

MONICA
I'll live the universe
Of Manhattan

IAN
Glasgow

MONICA & IAN
Home

IAN
Are you sure you don't want me to come to the clinic with you before I go?

MONICA
Positive.

IAN
You are, aren't you?
Let's leave with a little bit of...

MONICA
Brittle bit of...

IAN
Little bit of
Love.
Bye, Mon.

MONICA
Don't call me "Mon".
Pacing in a room
Racing in my heart again
Just get up and start again
Monica pace the room

Bring the future faster
Might just be a whim
But maybe I can go
Faster without him
Va voom!
I gotta get out of this room!

Fear Of Flying

IAN
Fear of flying
Fear of dying
Fear of crashing
Into a mountain
Disappearing
Into the ocean
Fear of flying
Fear of crying
Nervous as a nerd
I'm yellow as a jar
Of lemon curd
I'm shaking as we're taking off

All bound for heaven
Fear of flying
Need for drinking
Bar cart comes around
With Tess the stewardess
I have a double
Then another
Fear of flying
Here comes Tess again
My new best friend
She takes me
To the back
Of the 747
For a tête-à-tête
And a cigarette
With Tess the stewardess
I'm feeling better
Like her sweater
She likes mine
The fear of flying
Getting less
All thanks to
Tess the stewardess
In a silver box
A metal room
A cloudy mess
A sonic boom!

Fear of flying
Fear of dying
Fear of coming
Fear of going
Fear of understanding
Fear of landing
Thank you, Tess
The sweetest stewardess
The British street

Beneath my feet
I speed through London
On the subway
Northern Line
To Golders Green
To get my amp
And my lava lamp
Then I catch
A train to Glasgow
Fear of flying
Fear of schlepping
Fear of stepping
Fear of smiling
Fear of changing
Fear of rearranging
Fear of stopping
Fear of shopping
Fear of dropping dead
Dead in a room
Unidentified, undiscovered
Covered up and taken away!

I'm never gonna leave this room again!
I'm never gonna leave this room again!
I'm never gonna leave this room again!
I'm never gonna leave this room again!

Happiness

MONICA
Saturday I get a call from Mummy
Saturday I get a call from Mummy
To say Daddy's run away
Run away with who?
Judy Katz. Mum's best friend.

Sunday night I get a call from Daddy
Sunday night I get a call from Daddy
And he's lying in bed with you know who
I said talk to me, Daddy... and so he did. He said, "Kid...

I don't know how it happened
I never meant it to
Not for a second did I ever
Mean to hurt you
It's out of my control
I've never been in love
When I'm not with her I'm drowning
Drowning
Can you forgive me, darling daughter?
Can you forgive my happiness?"

Yes, of course, love happens
I think it just happened to me
I was running, dreaming rainbows
When unexpectedly I met someone who
Touched me somewhere true
When I'm not with him I'm lacking
Cracking

Never been in love
Never been in love
Never never never never been in love before
Oh, never been in love
Don't know how to deal with love
Hope it doesn't happen to me anymore!

You can bust down any wall
But you can never have it all
When I'm not with him I'm drowning
I thought it was here
But now it's hiding
Slipping, sliding
Happiness

IAN
Telephone rings
How are you, brother?
"Our mother just dropped dead
On the golf course
She just shot a birdie
So she died
With a smile on her face"
Ally made arrangements
I took the pain
Hard British night
Cold in the rain
Never gonna see
My mummy again

MONICA
Dear Wanker,
Woke up this morning
I had to write to you
What's the point in wondering...

IAN
What's new?

MONICA
What you doing?

IAN
What you doing?

MONICA
Where you going?

IAN
Where you going?

MONICA
Are you happy?
Who you happy with?

IAN
Am I happy?

MONICA
Are you singing?
Are you thinking?

How's the drinking?
That's all
Ian, I really need to speak to you.
Gimme a call

IAN
Why have a little
When a lot'll do so much better?
Why have a bittle
When a bottle will be wetter?
There's the riddle
Why the kid'll
Go full throttle
'Til the final empty bottle
What a tragic sight
Another lost cause
Just like my daddy was

MONICA
Come out of the darkness
Into the light
Come out of the darkness
Into the light

MONICA & IAN
Come out of the darkness
Into the light

Clean

IAN
Hi, my name is Ian
I'm an alcoholic
There, I said it
Man, the ride is brutal
G-d I need a drink so bad
I would sell my mother
For a whiskey soda
If she were alive
Which she isn't
Being sober might drive me mad

Still the rhythm of the alcohol
Keeps kicking as I hit the wall
I'm jittery as 17
10 days clean

Hi, my name's still Ian
I fell off the wagon
Now I'm back on
Man, the ride is bumpy
G-d I love the drink so bad
Feel like I'm a little laddie
Playing football with my daddy
Getting all emotional
One minute I'm happy then sad

Still the rhythm of the alcohol
Keeps kicking as I hit the wall
90 days and counting now

This guy is coming round
There's a center to him now
In the music he is finding ways
To navigate somehow
A million waking sounds
Muddled head becoming clear
Self-assured and bloody scared
Just like all of us these days
Trying to open the heart
Let in some love
Stay clean

Hi, my name is Ian
I'm an alcoholic
There, I said it
Man, the ride is brutal
Beautiful and mad
Time goes ticking
Life is clicking
Into gear
It's two years now
That I've been sober
Best two years that
I have never had!

Every answer I am looking for
Always seems to end up at her door
So what am I waiting for?
I'm clean!

Rooms 2

MONICA
Clean! That's brilliant! You're clean.

IAN
Are you coming out the bathroom?

MONICA
Why did you never tell me? Why did you never write me back? Where were you?

IAN
Sitting in a room
Feeling all askew
I was all askew ages

MONICA
Sitting in a room
Thinking about you
Nothing ever changes

MONICA & IAN
Now at last you're here beside me
Sitting in a room

IAN
Come out the bathroom
Mon, come on!

MONICA
Don't call me "Mon"
Here I go

IAN
Hello

MONICA
Hello

MONICA
All the lies we tell ourselves
To lift us up
To make things better
I wish I had a dime for every time
I wanted to phone
Or make you a tape
Or go to the corner
To mail another letter
But no reply
You never answered me
I just presumed
You didn't love me any more

IAN
I got your letter
But I couldn't speak to you
I couldn't get the truth to you
The way that I intended to
Not while I was getting clean

MONICA
Being in a room
Seeing into you
Instant reminiscing

IAN
Inside me I knew
Sitting in my room
Something was missing
Am I the only one?

MONICA
You're not the only one

IAN
Is there someone else?

MONICA
Yes.

IAN
Who?

Steps 3

MONICA
It was after you left. A Friday.
I took a ride to the Lower East Side of the city
A big yellow taxi down to
Delancey near Grand
I found the address of the clinic
Cynically bit my tongue
This feeling of yearning
Was not what I planned
I took tentative steps
I'd never taken such tentative steps before
I remember that nurse answering the door

Her name tag said Abigail. She showed me into a cold white room with a handshake smile. "Take off your clothes," she says. "Put on this robe, pee in that cup and fill out this form... and make yourself comfortable."

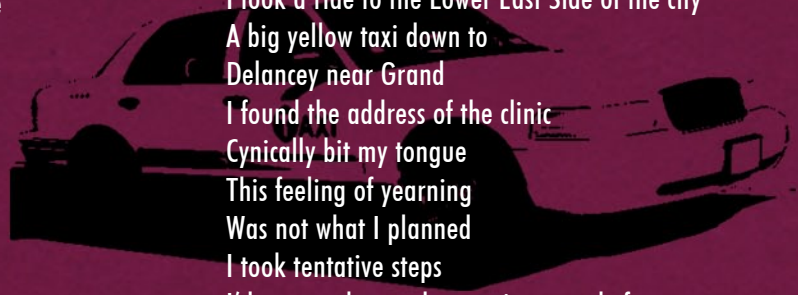
My Choice

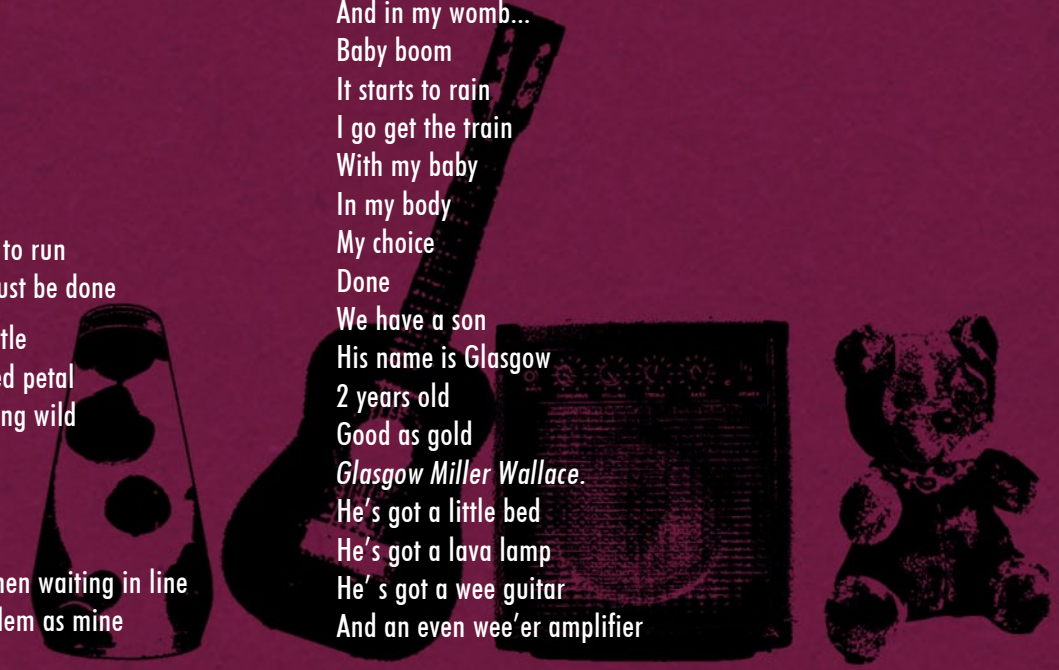
MONICA
This is excruciating
Somewhat humiliating
Waiting here, no place to run
Doing the deed that must be done

I still got dreams to settle
Call me an unblossomed petal
Flowering into something wild
Can't be a mother
While I'm still a child
I want to be free

There's two dozen women waiting in line
All with the same problem as mine
Places to go, people to see
Things to do, things to be
24 women just like me
Singing along in harmony
"It's my baby
My body
My choice"

On the slab I lie
I part my legs
I start to cry
They start to press
I think about my mummy
Beautiful in her Friday night dress
Groggy anesthesia
Foggy with amnesia
As everything
I ever thought I wanted
Disappears
And I leap off the slab
I run out the room
And in my womb...
Baby boom
It starts to rain
I go get the train
With my baby
In my body
My choice
Done
We have a son
His name is Glasgow
2 years old
Good as gold
Glasgow Miller Wallace.
He's got a little bed
He's got a lava lamp
He' s got a wee guitar
And an even wee'er amplifier





You should hear him sing
It's what he loves to do
And 'cause he does he lives in us
And he has kept me close to you
Say something
Anything at all

IAN
Talk about dumbstruck
Me, a father, good luck!
Always could rely on her
To bring me news that rendered me
Unstuck, unglued, undone
I have got a son
That requires some contemplation
What do I do with this information?

Late nights in my studio
Playing with sound and sonic vision
Plugging in to the rhythm
Of the dissonance I felt inside
Each minor chord a major test
A backbeat playing in my chest
Your smile, your face, the bass, the boom
The empty space I called my room

But I was always one step off my best
When I was without you
I was always one step to the left
Within me
Without you

MONICA
No more loneliness

IAN
Within me
Without you

MONICA
No more sorrow

IAN
Whenever
Without you

MONICA & IAN
No more second guessing
No more wondering
What if we had done things differently

New Song For Scotland

IAN
Today I sing
A new song for Scotland
A new song to celebrate
The land that I love

MONICA
Today I bring
A new song for Scotland
A new song for anyone
Who's been dreaming of...

IAN
The misty mountain weather

MONICA
The whiskey-sodden heather

IAN
There's a brand new day beginning

MONICA & IAN
There's a brand new day beginning
That's why I'm singing
A new song for Scotland
A new song for Scotland
Land that I love

Finale

IAN
Let's get out this room
Out into the dawn
New York City
Back where we belong

MONICA
It's the songs that shape our lives

IAN
The tunes that form our trips

MONICA & IAN
The melody of memory
That clings and sings and grips

Wherever I may go now
Wherever we may roam
The room where you are
Is the room where I'm home

And when worlds disappear
Na na na na na na na na na na
I'll be waiting
Right here
I love you for all time
Na na na na na na na na na na
I love you for all time
Na na na na na na na na na na
I love you for all time

Click (bonus track)

MONICA
Look at this boy.

IAN
OK, a certain intelligence going on there

MONICA
Look at the way he stands

IAN
Some kind of exuberant madness

MONICA
Nice hands

IAN
First impressions have a kind of fluorescence.

MONICA
I got a feeling I can see

IAN
I don't like anyone I meet

MONICA
Trouble for me
There in his eyes

IAN
But with her... Click.

MONICA
Click.

IAN
Check out this girl

MONICA
Alright, a bit of danger
But his eyes look kind of kind

IAN
Look at the way she stares

MONICA
I'm taking in his face
And it's not uninteresting

IAN
Nice hair

MONICA
His manner is alluring
He puts me on edge
Good trick

IAN
I got a feeling I can see
Reflections of me
There in her eyes

MONICA
His eyes

MONICA & IAN
Click

But of course
It isn't too trendy
To be too friendly
Right away

MONICA
I see you have 2 radios

IAN
You should always have 2 radios in case one breaks.

MONICA
As Lou Reed said.

IAN
You're hipper than you look.

MONICA
Sarcastic bastard

IAN
Cocky young vixen
Little Miss Showbiz

MONICA
Mister Rock 'n' Roll

IAN
Like her

MONICA
Like him

IAN
Hate her

MONICA
Hate him

MONICA & IAN
Frozen moment

IAN
Stay

MONICA
Go

IAN
Pick

MONICA
Blink

MONICA & IAN
Think
Connection
Click

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A&R, Time Life:
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Time Life project manager:
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a Theatreland Productions presentation

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